

Je Suis Vincent

by Jerry Ratch

I saw Vincent one day, sitting at a café table that was situated right next to the quays of the Seine, with another artist by the name of Bernard. Vincent had his back to me, and he was leaning forward in his usual hyper-excitement, gesturing wildly, of course, with some boats on the river drifting quietly past. There was a bridge running across the water in the distance. Vincent in that nasty weather-beaten, scrunched-down hat that I absolutely hated, but with a flair, I had to admit. Discussing art, as always. That wasn't my way. He was always talking about Art, in the big sense of the word. Myself, if you happened upon me during the daylight, I would be using the light to good effect. I didn't go around blabbing about Art all the time.

But that was Vincent. Of course he never sold one painting in his entire time on this planet. Except to his brother, Theo, who I think always felt sorry for him, because of his hyper-sensitivity. I mean, he sliced off a piece of one of his ears, for God's sake, over a streetwalker no less!

